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SLAVER AND HIS FALLEN FOE.

On June 7 last, Slatin Pasha found on the banks of Berket, within 1,000 derivatives of Brad, a party of their Commu under-chief, Emir alamin, whom Slatin had known while prisoner in the hands of the Mahdists.

The Nile Valley, and the Hedonias of the desert hope that vengeance is about to overtake tyrant Abdullah, under whose atrocious domination of the English is believed to have been reduced about one-half, immense region being now uncultivated and deserted.

Thousands of Sudanese and Khartoum natives who have taken refuge in the north are especially exultant. The campaign is extremely popular throughout Egypt.

The English have proof, too, that the advance up the Nile will be welcomed by many thousands who have lived under the Mahdists. News came early in May from Omdurman,

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"Are you a weather prophet?" was asked.

"I think I am as far as dry or wet weather is concerned," he replied, "but I don't know whether I'll be here in twenty-four hours or not."

"How am I able to do it? Well, it's like this: When it's going to rain the brake handle becomes sticky almost a day before. The motorman will notice it fully twenty-four hours before the storm arrives. I'll have to wait until then, but my chances of sticking will increase until it will be almost impossible to get a decent grip without tearing the spokes on your hands. Now, on Friday night, I began to feel that sticky business, and I told a fellow who was on the seat behind me that it was going to rain. He said, 'I don't know.' After he glanced around he said that I was swayed off. I said, 'I don't say it's going to rain right away, but it will before this time tomorrow,' and it did. Oh, there's no going back on the braks as a barometer."

At this point in the motorman's remarks a passenger boarded the car. The front seat was occupied, but that did not matter. He wanted to talk with the motorman.

"It's the rain all over," was his query.

"Well, I'm glad of that," the electricity pusher, "Well, I'm glad of that. I know," pronounced the latest arrival, "I place more confidence in a motorman's prediction than I do in those made by the weather signal man."

The motorman blushed becomingly,